

PRINCESS CANTACUZENE FROM CHILDHOOD IN WHITE HOUSE

Granddaughter of U. S. Grant Describes the Happy Days She Spent as a Child With Her Illustrious Kinsman and Her Farewell to Him as He Lay Dying—By Clara Whiteside

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"ALTHOUGH I was born in the White House during my grandfather's presidency, my horizon during my brief stay there was very limited indeed," laughed our Russian princess. "For I was only two years old when my parents were here. I am sure, however, that I have no memories of the White House, my recollections of my grandfather, General Grant, in the later years of my childhood, are quite distinct, even to this day. I remember so well his big, affectionate nature—he loved children."

"When I was about six years old my parents moved to New York. We had been living in Chicago, as my father had been personal aide-de-camp to General Sheridan, who was stationed there. My father left the army and rejoined his family in the East."

"It is then that I best recall my grandfather. I have vivid memories of drives between his knees, behind two wonderful Arabian horses that had been given to him. He made those horses fairly fly, but I was not frightened—I loved it. He used to call me 'his own big pet' and he had me often with him. I will remember the day I was taken into his room, those last hours of his life, to say good-by to grandfather, not realizing, even though the room was mysterious in its stillness, that I would never see him again."

Princess Cantacuzene is the daughter of General Grant's eldest son and the oldest of his grandchildren. Her father was a veteran of the Civil War, the Spanish-American War and was commandant of Governors Island. He did much reconstruction work in the Philippines, and because of this record of her father and the love and admiration we all bear her grandfather, she is affectionately called "our Russian Princess."

Her marriage to a Russian prince twenty years ago has not lessened her pride in her birthright as an American. The fighting blood of her grandfather is her heritage; she, too, is a born fighter. But it is for Russia she pleads and works—her husband's country and her home for many years—and it is to America she turns for help.

One knows, while there is an ounce of strength left in her, she will use it, working for the relief of that loyal band of men and women who are holding on, and to whom she looks, and all civilization looks, to carry forward the reconstruction in Russia.

I was waiting to see the princess—she had promised to talk with me—and I used the minutes in looking out across the old square in its coat of green. Unconsciously my eyes followed a woman who came directly toward me across the park. Tall, erect, with her hands in her coat pockets, she attracted my attention and held it, per-



haps because she walked so well. As she came nearer I found to my surprise it was the princess. Personality is a strange thing. It cannot remain hidden, but always crops up, sometimes when you least expect it. In her tailored black sport suit and simple black hat, with a cluster of gardenias in her coat, she was a princess through sheer mentality.

She was to talk before a representative group of women that afternoon, and a number had come from a distance to see and hear her—women who had known her years ago and miles away. While we were talking in a room apart a woman came toward us hesitatingly and said to the princess:

"I wonder if I may interrupt for just a minute. I want to give this to you," and she handed her a small white box. "It is a piece of your wedding cake, which I have kept all these years. It was very good cake. I remember eating some of it at your wedding."

"Oh!" responded the princess with the most pleasant surprise, "how very kind you are to bring it to me! Wedding cake, like wine, improves with age—but not women. Dear me! I am getting old. This cake reminds me that I have been married twenty years."

And then another woman came to her and asked:

"You won't mind if I just say 'how do you do?' will you? You will not remember me, I know, but my grandfather gave your grandfather a pair of Arabian horses. I wonder if you ever rode behind them in your childhood?"

"Do I remember them? Why most assuredly I do," laughed the princess, holding out her hand impulsively. "Many are the times I've flown behind those beauties with my grandfather. I'm so glad you

came to me," and tears were very near the surface.

"Were it not for the suffering and chaos in Russia I should be very happy indeed over here. In the two years I have been back in America I have experienced so many kindnesses and encountered so much appreciation of my grandfather that my heart is full most of the time. My husband has been here but a short while, coming directly from Kolchak in Siberia."

"Oh yes, indeed," she answered to my

question whether her husband spoke English. "He is like most continentals and speaks many languages. I knew no Russian when I was first married and went to Russia to live, but I acquired it very easily. I do not speak it correctly even now, but I have had no difficulty for years in making myself understood. I can even read the newspapers."

"My family is all in America now. My son is a Junior at Harvard, and my two daughters are in Florida with their Russian

governess. While I loved Russia, I never enjoyed the native sports; but for that matter I never was athletic, nor enjoyed strenuous exercise to the extent of making it a playtime. My children love all the Russian sports and do them well, I think—shooting, hunting, riding and fencing. The Russian people are very lovable. They received me so warmly when I first went there—a stranger. That is their attitude toward all Americans, and they have shown it six or seven times over in our country's his-

tory. Did you know that during the Civil War Russia sent a fleet over to 'stand by' should we need it? An old veteran who served under my grandfather wrote me only the other day, 'We all felt more comfortable in those days, when we heard the Russian fleet was in the harbor!'

"I was struck with the attitude of our Russian people at the time of the war with Japan. They hated to fight the Japanese; they knew nothing about the quarrel and less about the Japanese; but it was not that way during and before the World War. They had felt and disliked the German influence long ago. Germany was the sinister influence in Russia, as it is in this country right now."

"Come," said the chairman, entering the room, "we need the princess."

And this is true, we do need the princess. We need her for her fearlessness and her clear vision, and then she belongs to us. It is as an American she is now pleading for us to help Russia. "Russia," she says, "never has asked for aid, and I cannot break the tradition. But because of my birthright I ask the help of America for those wonderful, patient, suffering people. They have been a strong ally in the World War; they have come to the help of America many times and have always been our friend—help them help themselves!"

With the background of her childhood, and a girlhood of memories and associations distinctly American; with the added background of twenty years spent in Russia as a Russian subject and twenty years of love for her adopted country, Julia Dent Grant, Princess Cantacuzene, is nevertheless more woman than princess, more woman than American citizen. She gave to Russia loyalty, and she brings to us from Russia a "clear call" and a woman's faith in America's response.

"He made those horses fairly fly," says our princess of her grandfather, General U. S. Grant

A COUGH THAT SET SCHOOL MARM'S FEET IN PROSPERITY'S PATH

By Faith Hunter Dodge

"Wanted—A competent cook; school-teacher preferred."

THIS advertisement was published in a Texas daily, and this is how Mrs. Annie L. Langley, former schoolteacher and now proprietor of a hotel, explains it:

"Pure meanness was responsible for my getting so good a cook. I was peevish because the school authorities had sent out their new contract cards with such miserably small salaries and no promise of anything better. Not only my schoolman husband but many of my friends were hard hit. I was already earning three times as much money as I had ever earned teaching, and was able besides to see my husband and children in a pleasant, comfortable home with the kind of food they needed; and I intended to give some other teacher a chance, too."

"The next day after the advertisement appeared quite a refined voice came to me over the long-distance wire: 'Is that ad you have in the Chronicle intended seriously?'

"I asked the owner of the voice to come out and talk business. She was a normal school graduate and had taught four years; and cried when she told me how desperate she was to get away from the one-room almost tenement quarters she was occupying with her child on a teacher's salary. Out here she receives as much cash as before and in addition has a real home and real food for herself and her child. I had to persuade her that to fill hungry stomachs with wholesome, satisfying food is as important and edifying as to feed little brains with facts and fiction, rules and regulations—and far more advantageous. You see, I had lived through that struggle myself."

Mrs. Langley, as Annie L. Burt, loved

teaching; partly because she loved children so much. She might never have left that profession, even to marry the man she loved, but for a certain scholastic incident. An inspector walked into her classroom one day when Miss Annie had a cold. She coughed. Then she received peremptory notice to remain at home—without salary.

After a few weeks of home and rest and much good food bought with the last of her savings, Annie L. Burt would have made an excellent advertisement for the "after-taking" claims of a spring tonic; her own doctor laughed at the word "lungs." So did the school authorities, but too late. So did Mr. V. W. Langley,

broad-shouldered, six-foot-two Texan school teacher, who carried her off to Niagara Falls with him on their honeymoon. So would any one who sees her now or her three rollicking youngsters, as sturdy a trio as any these United States ever produced.

But a nice home in a large, growing city with enough nourishing food for a healthy family of five, and a school teacher's \$200 a month (or less) are "incompatible," as Mrs. Langley puts it. She believes in school teaching exactly as she believes in foreign missions, and she had no intention of perverting Mr. Langley's equally idealistic views on the subject or of proselytizing him away from his chosen profession.

She hadn't a cent of capital. And she had three small children. She also had plenty of courage and considerable faith.

First she picked out the most healthful spot she could find for a home for her children—plenty of outdoors to play in, plenty of sea breezes, plenty of pure, fresh food, easily procurable, and all this sufficiently close to the city for her husband to commute to school in his sliver. She found a hotel "for rent" in addition to all the aforementioned commodities. To be sure, the food supplies were not visible and the hotel was quite dead. But there was an enormous property with artesian wells, a windmill, a water tank and a profusion of roses, jasmine and ferns. Where roses can grow Annie L. can grow anything; there is something really weird about the old saw, "She can plant a broom handle and it will bear flowers and fruit," when applied to her. She used to grow head lettuce all year around in her window box.

The hotel didn't look any too attractive just at first—except for the flowers and the marvelous expanse of beach in front of it—"equal to Ostend," say those who before the war blocked their road sped off to Europe every summer. She furnished it bit by bit, the dining room first.

Then she announced chicken dinners at \$1 the plate. From the first she has been paying a family of colored boys to raise chickens for her with the aid of an installment-paid-for incubator, and in the first year their three by six pen grew almost to the dimensions of a small Petaluma farm. Fish and shellfish are abundant and free for the catching. Salads and vegetables come from the hotel garden.

It was past the middle of July the first year before business was rushing, but from that time on—well, it now keeps one person busy during the entire afternoon answering phone calls from neighboring cities asking for dinner reservations. The dining room, built from blue prints Mrs. Langley herself made, is a large open-air structure, well screened and divided.

From the ceiling in each dining room hanging plants and ferns are suspended. Mrs. Langley has made her dining rooms quite the most popular thing for motorists who drive out from the city, take a good swim, eat a good evening meal in a cool, pleasant place and just before driving back again have a moonlight dip in the salt water of Galveston bay. If they wish to spend the week-end, they find accommodations in the long, gayly striped tents close to the hotel proper.

"The life of a hotel keeper doesn't appeal to me particularly, and of course my children need all my time and personal attention. Yet I do feel that it is right for me to be making hay while the sun shines, and in a few years we shall adjust things as they should be. In the meantime we are paying for that home and a good many persons are eating better meals than they ever had before in their lives." This sums up Mrs. Langley's philosophy.

Feeding people was always Mrs. Langley's specialty. It all began with one cake—like Franklin's kite, a plaything with a big future. She was seven when her colored mammy permitted her to experiment. The result is what is still her chef d'oeuvre. Just make one of these and you'll see why dinner reservations made long in advance include the clause, "With the special cake."

Here is the secret: Three layers of rich cake with this filling: Cooked icing mixed with one cup of raisins, one cup of pounded pecans, one cup of grated coconut, one tablespoonful of grated bitter chocolate, the juice of one lemon and of one orange. Just as New Orleans is famed for Antoine's split orange dessert and Begay's liver and bacon, so Annie Langley bids fair to achieve fame through this cake and southern fried chicken.

But here we are, "way ahead of our story. Fortunately Annie L.'s mammy had let her experiment considerably in the old southern kitchen. When Judge Burt and his wife died Annie found herself the oldest of five sisters and head of the family. After two years of normal school she added to her four sisters the forty-eight children in Grade 2, public school, and that was already quite a family, but not yet sufficient for her motherly instincts.

One Sunday morning in the choir loft of her church she felt her attention distracted from the sermon and hymns by the peaked face of a hungry looking school teacher from the North.

"My, but she's thin! I wonder what it is she doesn't get to eat?" And pondering the subject, Annie determined to find out. The pastor told her that the teacher from the North lived at the Hotel H.

"At \$45 a month for two meals a day, besides \$18 for a room, she ought to get enough to eat," Annie L. soliloquized. That, of course, was back in 1908.

Opening the Chestnut Bur

A Good Trader

"OF COURSE I realize from all you have said that you are the smoothest business man who ever hit this town," the quiet chap observed when the salesman slowed down for want of breath. "but there are some others. Now, for instance, I'll sell you an article for a dollar that I paid five for, and still make a profit on the deal."

"Can't be done. I'll take you!" the salesman responded briskly, and handed over a dollar.

Whereupon the quiet chap gave him a \$5 meal ticket that had been punched for all but ten cents of its value.

The Trouble

"YES, I need a housemaid. Why did you leave your last place?"

"Why, it was because the master kissed me."

"And feeling outraged, you left. Quite right and commendable!"

"Oh, I didn't mind, but the mistress happened to be coming down the stairs."

Deserves Reward

"HAVE you really done anything to deserve the gratitude of the people?"

"Yes," the candidate responded, "I have, though they do not know it. I haven't made a large number of speeches I was tempted to make."

Usually So

"HOW many people have you working in your office?"

"Oh, on an average, about two-thirds of them, I'd say."

Alas, So Can We!

"HAVE you seen that marvelous mental calculator work?"

"Hub! I can do some stunts along that line myself."

"You can? What, for example?"

"I can tell exactly how much money I will have left from my salary at the end of next month."

"Oh, it wouldn't be possible to calculate every cent of your expenses that far ahead."

"Don't need to to tell just how much I'll have left."

Caught

"GOT a dollar? All right, put it here with this one of mine. Now, I'm going to ask you a simple question which you will have no difficulty in answering. If your answer is in the affirmative, you take the money; if you reply in the negative, it is mine. Now, by the way, have you been up against this game before?"

"No."

"A negative answer. Thanks."

Out of Turn

"I SAY, sir, if you don't mind, I'd like to be paid for that job of turning and refashioning your overcoat," the tailor suggested.

"Pay for making that coat over?" the man who had stopped in to get his trousers pressed exclaimed in surprise. "Why, man, it isn't your turn. I haven't yet paid the chap I got it from, and he still owes the tailor who made the coat in the first place."



Above—Mrs. Annie Langley. Her first hotel consisted of this building alone, but now a big dining room has been added and a small city of tents takes care of the overflow of guests